KAISER AND KING.

The Meeting of Francis Joseph and Victor Emmanuel.

VENICE IN FESTAL DRESS

Renewing the Republican Splendors of the City of the Adriatic.

THE GREETING OF THE MONARCHS.

The Cortege on the Grand Canal---Illumination of St. Mark's and the Bay.

HOW VENICE AROSE FROM THE SEA.

Her Ancient Glories and Modern Shadows.

THE KAISER DEPARTS.

A Scene on the Lagoon-Voyage to Pola.

VENICE, April 8, 1875. The imperial guest and the royal host have left us, and with them the beautiful sunshine; for a hours after we had returned from the sea, where we went with the thousands of excur-Monist Venetians to give the Emperor farewell shouts and cheers and clapping of bands, a dense log came upon the city from the Adriatic, and a title later the rain iell in heavy torrents, the flags were hastily taken down, and at night Venice had resumed her usual quiet, beautiful and melancholy appearance. People interpreted the rainfall in very different ways. Ins few Austrian enters said that heaven tons washed away all traces of the footprints of the old oppressor; the more enlightened portion of the population, however, thought that heaven had been exceedingly graclous in permitting the most glorious weather during the whole time of the fetes and considerately waiting until the imperial guest had got well out at sea and nearer the Austrian territory again before sending down its accumulated masses

It is inexcusable, in my opinion, that any Venetians should have permitted tuemselves to show any feeling of hostility toward the Emperor of Austria. It is true that a few families left the city in order to escape the fittes and to show that they still claimed to be considered irreconcilable enemies of Austria; they said they could not lorget the sead friends shot by the order of this same Emperor guest, and would retain their hatred until death. They forgot that Francis Joseph had far more to forget toan they; that the Emperor himself was not to blame personally for the tyranny exercised by his government; forgot, too, that no monarch in Europe has made such great progress toward true liberalism as this same tyrant of the pre-1866 period. If the Exposition at Vienna did cost the Austrian government an immense sam of money it at least brought about one good thing-it brought the world to Austria, Where they had an opportunity to examine the country and the government; to become nearer acquainted with an Emperor who through his very losses gained in strength, and from the manner in which he bore them the esteem of the great world. Happily, only a very few Venetians and a lew internationalistic shoets gave expression to feelings of displeasure, the great mass of Venetians and of Italians warmly greeted the meeting as a sign that peace between the two countries is doubly tealed by the personal irrendship of the two monarchs. Austria has certainly given up all hope of Ner regaining her old Italian possessions, and Italy, on her part, has come to see that Trieste must be given up forever. In fact, it would be preposterous for Italy to make any demand for this city and the neighboring territory, the only tea port that Austria possesses and a necessity to her existence.

THE POLITICAL SIGNIFICANCE. Especially the Viennese and the English journals atrached a great political significance to the meeting. The Austrian papers have published column upon column of conjectures about the results thereof. Some have declared it to be an act of hostility toward the Papacy; others toward Prussia, and so on through the whole gamut of political fancies. The only thing that has been imparted to the Austrian correspondents from ometal sources here amounts to this. The present visit of the Emperor of Austria is paid in return for Victor Emmanuel's visit to Vienna in 1873; and as the latter was only paid by the King en route for Berlin so this is paid by Francis Joseph on his way to Dalmatia. The meeting is also to be considered as a hint given to the Pope that be must not hope for any support from Austria in his hostlity toward the Italian government. Every Austrian correspondent here has been fed with this news, so I send it and you can place upon it any interpretation you please. The met is patent. however, that the Vatican did not need this assurance of Francis Joseph's disinclination to support by deed of arms his great title of 'Imperisi and Apostolic Majesty." The world has known Austria's position and intentions long ago, I am inclined to the opinion that politics have been scarcely touched, reasoning from the presumption that political questions between two ountries can be discussed secretly and by letter to much greater advantage than at times like these, when all the world is looking on. The idea that European peace can be sealed by these personal meetings of friendship of kings and emperors does not need to be entertained very seriously. Not many months ago an English prince visit of state to England. People said peace had been ratified between the two nations, yet we thow that they are drifting into bostility as rapidly as it is possible to do so.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE PETES. But enough of political discussion and conjectures. Permit me to close my story of the fetes. in my last letter I spoke of the banquet at the palage and of that disastrous court ball, at which most of us lost our wrappers and overcoats. It may interest you to know that at the banquet the Emperor eccupied the place of konor; on his right est the Princess Margherita, looking not quite so penutiful on in years past; on his lost the monarch talin-and that toasts were given and replied to. and the best of Jonannisberger and Tokay were imbibed. There were 140 covers, and here is the

Huttes.
Lolago, crême de gibjer a la Nesle.
Houdins de volaile e la Frincesse et
cannelous a la Mazarine.
Estargeon a l'Austral, sauca crevet-Nois de venuà la printaniero.

Suprome de poniarde à la Choisean. Chateau
Coulettes de grivos à la Perigon.

Laute.

Pluite de bousses en chastroid à l'imporinie. Asperses en branches, sauce alle-mande. ROT—Falsans phigns, aloust es, venstago, succe l'ennorce, sainde. Conside au Kirook, garni de l'ette. Cremo pratince à la cothechid. Mille foulier à la cothechid. Munes en nougat. Juannisberger. Olace. Creme pistanne a la vanille. Frambulse et central au Tokay 1760. And with the sparking "Grand Cremaut Im-

Austria and King of Hungary, my dear guest, brother and friend, and to the prosperity and constant union of our peoples forever." To which the Emperor Francis Joseph replied :- "It is with sentiments of lively gratitude for the sympathetic and cordial reception which I have met here, and with sincere friendship for Your Majesty, I drink the health of His Majesty the King of Italy, the health of the royal family, and to the prosperity and well-being of Italy." After this came the dessert and the Tokay, that was grown just about the time when good Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, of legendary mory, came to visit this same queen city of the Adriatic, and was received by the Doge Alviso IV. Grand Council be gazed on that picture representing the first meeting of Frederick Barbarossa and

Grand Council he gazed on that picture representing the first meeting of Frederick barbarossa and Pope Alexander HL under the nord of St. Mark, he exclaimed, "Tempi passari" And the monarchs, with souis filled with gladness from the glow of the giorious Magyar elixir, stepped to the balloon of the banquet hall and received the applause of the thousands who stood on the illuminated square of St. Mark's.

The Review And THE THEATRE.

I have omitted to tell you anything about the review near Padua for the simple reason that I did not go to see it, knowing the wearying sameness of these spectacles by heart—now the 12,000 troops would file by their Majosties on horseoack and how the field would present a sight of brilliant uniforms that could be as well described in Venice as at Padua, though I had a great yearning to visit the home of the celebrated St. Antonius, of blessed memory. Francis Joseph must have left a pleasant satisfaction in knowing that the army displayed before him had been deleated in almost every encounter with his own troops in earlier years. Later on in the day the two monarchs, with their suites, made an excursion down the lagoon to the island of the Lido, and examined from the paddle box of the gunboat the basing establishments and the jorts, and probably enjoyed themselves. After the banquet came the lestal representation at the Feulec, for which again I had no desire to pay \$80 or \$70 in order to witness the brilliant uniforms, the opera of "Lucia" and the ballet of "Satanella," all of which I knew by heart. The monarchs made their appearance in the theatre about haif-past nine. They were greeted with the Austrian national anthem and a chorus written for the occasion by a Venetian boet and set to music by the tional anthem and a chorus written for the occa-sion by a Venetian poet and set to music by the composer Tessarini. The words ran thus:—

Hall, monarchs, hall from the Alps to the sea, all itary joins in this glad jubile;
All tary joins in this glad jubile;
All tary echoes the glad hing refrain—
Hall, monarchs, hall from the mount and the plain.
O carnest the prayers are we utter to-day.
That the fountain of peace how for ever and aye;
That the voice of the people enraptured may rise
With the pulse of your names, from the earth to the
skies.

For me the greater attraction was the repeated

For me the greater attraction was the repeated filumination of the Pinzza of St. Mark, the thousands of lights, the fairy jountain in the centre of the square, the lighting up with the orifinate of the square, the lighting up with the orifinate colors of Bengal the figures and carved work, the domes and the glided horses and the winged hon on St. Mark's, and the lear and fluttering of the doves that were disturbed from their nests by the noise and glare below them.

The departure of the lighting of Wednesday, the 7th, and venice again assembled in her thousands to witness the departure of the guest and to give him greeting on the way. By mine o'clock the Pinzzetta and the long liver fronting the lagoon were errowded with speciators, and the long balcony of the Doge's palace was gay with the dress and beauty of the lair women of the lagoon city. Along the quay a line of Italian soldiers extended from the Pinzzetta toward the public gardens. Out on the hay it was a scene of great beauty; the two English steamers, gayly decorated with bunting, the hundreds of gondoins collected together the an island of boats belove the paince, their occupants waiting patiently the first glimpse of the monarchs. Five or six excursion steamers, laden with numanity, waited with steam up in readmess to give the Emperor cortége as far as the sea. Exactly at ten o'clock the royal personages and suites were conducted in state abourd the royal gunboat, hastily draped to nue and white, flying on the loremist the imperial standard and the italian flag at the stern. The tweive municipal larry gondolas were also the re, fluttering about the gunboat like aquatic sea birds of brillint plumage. The minitary bands struck up the Austrian anthem from the forts and to took the form and the shipping boomed forth greetings, and the forts and the story would in a finetal activated. struck up the Austrian anthem from the forts and the shipping boomed forth greetines, and the thousands on shore applauded and chapped their hands, just as they would in a theatte, deligated with the spectacle before them; and as the gunboat proceeded along the quay for a distance, chlowed by the brilliant little municipal barges, with their silken trappings fluttering in the wind, and the hundreds of dark gondoles and the excusion boats crowded with people, the signt was one of enchantment, only excelled by the aquatic cortége on the Grand Canal on the first cay of the filtes.

aquatic cortage on the Grand Canal on the first cay of the files.

OUT TO SEA.

Slowly the cortage proceeded, gradually leaving the butterfly barges in its wake, down the ship channel, past the forts and the shoats and islands, out to the Maramocca, where the imperial years bout to the Maramocca, where the imperial years bout testemed down toe charbet the front deck was crowded with the Austrian and Italian suites, while the two monarcus stood alone under the awning of the stern, conversing in a friendly manner, and now and then acknowledging the homage of the city magically lighted by the sun fraction of the city magically lighted by the sun Frast the lorts, whose parapets were lined with troops; past the Armenian Convent where Lord Byron lived and wrote; past the Island of the Lido, greeted with the music of a dozen military bands stationed on the parapets, we came at last to the Miramar, when the two monarchs took cormal leave, and Francis Joseph was tuken on board his yacut. The anchor was weighed, the head of the graceful steamer was turned toward Dalmatia, the canons of the lour Italian warships thundered out their actions, and when we was the Emperor last the war arandom on Daimatia, the cannons of the lour Italian war-ships thundered out their adieus, and when we saw the Emperor last he was standing on the stern deck of the steamer, looking out upon the glorious scene about aim. Then we returned to the city, and as the night drew on, the log from the sea descended upon the city, the lestal flags were taken in, rain lell down in forrents, and the febs were ever. This morning, as I write, Venice has again resumed her usual appearance, and nothing remains, even the temporary fountain on the square is no more; there is nothing to remind as that the scenes of the past three days were a resity, that they were not a delignified dreau or the representation of the ancient spiender of Venice in some exquisite operatic pageautry.

ANCIENT AND MODERN VENICE.

VENICE, April 6, 1875. A tangled mass of tropical seaweed is grounded on a strip of yellow sand. Long ribbons of deephued kelp, pulpy leaves and the matted hair of seagreases, bits of decaying wood and twigs, with scarlet berries, bright leaves of tropical flowersall these tragments from many shores woven together by the motion of the waves furnish a welme asylum for hundreds of insects and creatures of the sea, and the drifting island is juil of busy life. Curious shellfish rear their pointed spirals above the sur ace like tiny spires, others unster in shiny rows along the water, the opal times of the curved lips reflected in the ripples that gently rock their perch; tiny limpets wriggle about in the little pools and insects gather on the dry places, lazily stretching their wings in the aur There are the gorgeons shells of the tropical shoals and the common barnacles from the rocks, the extremes of beauty and ugliness side by side; opposite natures meet and destroy one another; the crab cats the defenceless shrimp, and hippulan wars are waged between the members of this marine colony. Now a wave but little higher than the rest sweeps away part of the busy swarm and tears off a portion of the curious fabric. There is constant strife and constant change. The history of this little colony is full of color and contrasts. One moment all is life and motion, and the next instant the floating island seems depopulated; but out of its ruin rises new life and revived activity, and soon the seaweed swarms with creatures as before.

LA BELLA VENETIA.

This little fragment from the endless story of sea is typical of the rise, the existence and history of that most curious and beautiful. Yenice, Sea born, like Venues, she spreads solid foundations seaward for miles where, pernaps, a mass of dritting grass, shoaled on broad sands between the river mouths, raised acides around which clustered, as conturies a clong, the low, dat islands that skirt the soft the upper Adriatic. In the midst of this store, the low, dat islands that skirt the is stored with relies of medical mand, a situal without a parallel, the city a wonderful imment of the triumph of the patient industry moralions of men over the pittless opposing so of the sea. Her history is as unique and instructions of men over the pittless opposing a friend pictures of the past ages as the modern is stored with relies of medical architecture art. From her peculiar position Venice has ys been a great commorcial city and her early ris toe history or trade. Shus out in a measurement has been, from the very foundation of the city, a cessification in the rest of the world, the Venetians been, from the very foundation of the city, a cessification in the rest of the world, the Venetians been, from the very foundation of the city, a cessification in the rest of the material integration of the city as a commorphism team of the world, the venetian integration of the city as a cessification of the city, as a continue of the content problem. The formal solution of the city as the content problem of the ancient sea gods, which is godd that the content symbolic during and the quaint symbolic chance in the sound of the six of the store of the store. The store of the store is the store of the store of the store of the case of the past ages as the modern is stored. The first of the ancient and non-testification of the city as the content problem of the city as the cont LA BELLA VENETIA. This little fragment from the endless story of the sea is typical of the rise, the existence and the history of that most curious and beautiful city, Venice. Sea born, like Venus, she spreads her solid foundations seaward for miles where once, permaps, a mass of dricting grass, shoaled on the surface of the land above the water and formed a nucleus around which clustered, as centuries rolled along, the low, flat islands that skirt the coast of the upper Adriance. In the midst of this network of tortuous channels and labyrinth of shoals stands-or rather seems to float-the great city, a league away from the main land, a situation without a parallel, the city a wonderful monument of the triumph of the patient industry or generations of men over the pitiless opposing forces of the sea. Her history is as unique and interesting as her situation is surprising, and is as full of rich pictures of the past ages as the modern city is stored with relies of medicval architecture and act. From her peculiar position Venice has al ways been a great commercial city and her early history is the history or trade. Shut out in a measure from the ross of the world, the Venetians have been, from the very foundation of the city, a people self-remant and devoted to the material interests of their city to an extent worch is quite incomprehensible in this age of cosmopolitan ten' denotes, and their struggles with rival cities

drink to the health of His Majesty the Emperor of from questions of commercial interest, have been among the most remarkable scenes in the her commercial importance was toward the end of the fiteenth century, when she was the trade centre of the word. Her merchant fleet of 3,000 vessels emptied the riches of the East into the lap of the West, and the markets of the world were supplied by her traders. The winged lion fluttered as the masthead in every civilized port; the exquisite products of Venetian artistic workmanship decorated the saloons of sovereigns and princes of the remotest lands; the climax of luxury and splendor at home was the natural result of this unexampled commercial prosperity abroad. In those days of opuleuce stately palaces, with gorgeous façades rich in Oriental marbies, walled the canals with a succession of varied and beautind pictures of architectural splendor. interiors, filled with the luxurious draperies and immitable decorations of Oriental magnificence, found no rivals in brilliancy and richness except in the superb costumes of the princes and nobles. The city was more like a description from the "Arabian Nights" than reality. But the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope passage to India and the voyage of Columbus, placing England, France, Spain and Holland in the rank of maritime nations, was the death blow to the Venetian Republic, and from that day her prosperity waned until the population dropped from 200,000 to only 60,000, to lise gradually again to the 130,000 of the present day.

A VENETIAN PESTIVAL is the synonym of all that is magnificent and romantic. From the earliest history the feles have been events of the greatest popular interest and importance. They have been celebrated most frequently to perpetuate the memory of some triumph of the Venetian arms, and the patriotism of the people has been kept alive by these fetes quite as much as by the consciousness of commercial importance and power. No Venetian was allowed to lorget the great deeds of his compatriots or the special protective acts of the patron saints, and these festivities, celebrated with more or less pomp for centuries, have a world-wide same which is only magnified in the opinion of the fortunate spectator of even the tame modern echoes of the old time festai spienders.

Perhaps the earliest commercial festival was celebrated in 829, on the reception of the body of St. Mark the Evangelist, secretly brought from Alexandria by some Venetian merchants, and on this occasion the winged lion of St. Mark was for the first time hoisted as the symbol of the Republic and s'amped on the coinage. The lion was winged to symbolize activity, in a sitting position to denote wisdom and with a book in his paws to signify the devotion of the Republic to the interests of commerce. For centuries

THE MARIAN FESTIVALS were the most important holidays of the year. It was a custom introduced early in the tenta century to select from the different parishes of the city tweive poor maidens, distinguished for virtue city twelve poor maidens, distinguished for virtue and beauty, who were provided with dowry at the cost of the Siste and fitted out with weading trousseau from the treasury of St. Mark. The aris were dressed in long robes of white, with loosened mair interwoven with threads of golo, and in a rich barge were carried to the Church of St. Peter, followed by a cortege of gayly decorated gondolas, with music and singers, the Doge and Signory accompanying the procession. Each maken bore in her hand a small box containing her dowry and met her appointed hussion. Each maiden bore in her hand a small box containing her downy and met her appointed husband in the church. Mass was celebrated and the bishop officiated in the marriage ceremonies. This was the beginning of the file, which lasted a whole as on the first day the maidens were entertailed by the Boge and on succeeding days by the noble lamilies of the festival it is believed that all weddings took place at this season, that the newly married might rejoice all together. With the growth of luxury and laxity of morals the festival lost its original conracter, and it became the growth of luxury and laxity of morals the festival lost its original character, and it became necessary to limit its observance, and during the Genovese war, in the fourteenth century, the celebration was neglected and fell into disase. An incident which happened in the tenta century during the observance of this lestival has long been a lavorite theme of artists and poets, and limitrates too well the spirit of the day and the isolation of the new Republic to be omitted here. The Trieste pirates long watched an opportunity to roo the lesial barge of its treasures, both human and monetary, and one one moraling of St. Mary's eve they borts open the doors of the church surprised the congregation and escaped with the brides and the treasures. The Doge, who was present, urged immediate doors of the church, surprised the congregation and escaped with the brices and the treasures. The Doge, who was present, urged immediate pursuit. Every boat capable of carrying rowers was manned and put to sea in the greatest heate. Venice rose as one man to join in the pursuit of the pirates and to wasnst in the recovery of the brides. The enthusiasm of the Venetians was so irresistible that the pirates were overlaten and beaten in one of the entrances to the lagoon. Not a pirate secaped, such was the fury of the pursuers. The brides were recovered entirely unharmed, and the ceremony of marriage took piace with increased pomp the same evening.

THE BUCKNAUR.

In the same century the conquest of Daimatia and signal victories over the pirates of that coast was an event which was celebrated annually with the greatest pomp. The immense galley called the Bucentaur conducted the officials to the sea, where certain rites were observed. In 1170, siter the reconclination between the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander III., the exprent of the marriage of the Adriatic was

where certain rites were observed. In 1170, siter the reconciliation between the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa and Pope Alexander Hi, the ceremony of the marriage of the Adriatic was anded to the original form of observance. This fite came on Ascension Day. The Bucentaur list in use, destroyed by the French in 1727, was a marvel of rich workmanship and florid decorations. It was a large double-decked barge or galley, rowed by 120 of the Arsenaforth or workmen of the arsenal. The whole exterior of the crait was covered with alexperical figures, see monstere, mermaids and rich ornamentation, all glided and brilliantly palated. Two flere looking beaks, surmounted by the winged iten and supported by groups of gided figures, projected from the bow. The upper deck was divided into two corridors, twenty yards in lengts, for the reception of the retimes of the Dogs; the awning of rich velvet was supported by carved caryatides and covered in the siern the ducit throne raised on a low data. The solemn pomp of this significant ceremony surpassed that of all other public displays.

The matcaloss spiender of the scene far outshole the glowing canvases of Tilian, Tintogetic or Veronese, for who shall paint the kalsado-scopic display of all that weaks could purchase or refined laxurious tasies command? From the three crimaon masts in ront of St. Mark's caurch wave the broad banners of the Republic, almost touching the heads of the vaging mass of people who fill the vast pirazalnyc a tide wave. Every window is hung with rich tapestries and the most brilliant of Oriental labrics and garlands of flowers. The ducat palace, thesi a sparkling gem of aromecutor, nuriers with crimson velvet and great trailing currants of gold and sliver clock tower slowly strike the suge bed. It is shoon, and the free trailing currants of gold and sliver clock tower slowly strike the suge bed. It is shoon, and the first sound of the bed is the signal to let loose a multitude of camping tongues, and the cannon and frewers and the cries of the beople im

THE GORGEOUS PAGRANTRY.

Trumpeters and summard bearers precede the digularies of State, clothed in roves of the richest velvet, sparkling with gems. The Captain of the City, in his superb uniform of red, and the great Chancelor march before the Dogo, who with dignity and pride slowly moves along, ourdened by the weight of rich study and pewels that adorn him. A long cloak of fine ermine rails from als shoulders, covering a bine cassock and robe of gold cott. Gold outlons and clasps of diamonds fasten this princely gear, and the rich docat crown blazes on the coincal bonnet of gold cloth. Bellind follow the ampassadors and Grand Council, emulating the richess of attire which distinguishes the prominent accors in the poinbous display. Moored at the loot of the two grante columns lies the gorgeously necorated Facentaur, like some huge water charlot of the ancent see gods, with the glied tritons and sea monsters clustered at the cow THE GORGEOUS PAGRANTRY.

cension Pair filed a fortnight with all the amusements and diversions of the carnival time.

THE REVERSE OF THE FIGURE.

But the waters of the lagoous did not always reflect bright colors. The terriole season of the great plague of 1348 haif depopulated Venice, and the same boats, once so gay with lestis decorations, were now piled high with maked corpses trailing their stinened limbs in the water. Rough boatmen, changed to human fiends by constant association with scenes of indescribable borror and awful repulsiveness in that fatal year, trainpled over the slippery corpses as they shoved their barges of ghastly lreight between the dark and temintless houses of the deserted cannis. There was no sound of mirrh or joy. The waiting of many women, the cries of orphans and curses and teminities houses of the deserted canals. There was no sound of mitrt or joy. The waiting of many women, the cries of orphans and conses of maddened men filled the air. Along the fava huddled wretched, dying mortals, awaiting their turn in the inneral barge, and the gonotolers field with their boars. The bright colors made on the flagstaffs and dropped off in scales; grass grew between the stones of the Finzza, and the tapestries and banners mildewed in camp closets. All the city seemed draped in black. The grean water looked slimy and hideous as it stole up the recking canals, full of flith and mud, and lapped the stens of the water doors like a myrhad of hideous tongues of pest-spreading monsters. Venice, proud and magnificent, seemed to return in rapid course of neglect and decay to the sea and shouls that gave her birth. The scourge of nature had its counterpart in the destructive wars that followed. The second Genoes war, in 1349, and a century and a quarter later the capture of Chioggia b, the fleets from Genoa, were both events disistrous to the Venetians were slain, and many of the nobies perished. The loss of their principal scaport was a great blow to the Venetians. were slain, and many of the nobles perished. The loss of their principal scaport was a great blow to the Venetians. The whole city mourned and

Divided against user in numerous factions, the populace were united in an earer army of volunteers, under the lead of the Admiral Frami, whose increation from laise imprisonment proved to be the saiety of the State. The whole may a lower of venice as manneaus. The soutces of mouraning became ever of the saiet of the State. The whole may a lower of venice as manneaus. The soutces of mouraning became evers of joy, and the fleet moved down the lagoon to trimmplant array, tall of hope and confluence in victory. Venice saw no bappier bour than the return of this victorious fleet, oringing with them the remains of their own conquiered galleys. Those scenes of plague and war are the shadows in the great picture of Venetian history, contrasts which beighten the cheerful tone of the brilliant lights and lend a never-flagging interest to the composition.

Who shall describe the splendor of the Received tone of the first the contrast which beighten the cheerful tone of the first and entury, when the great brings of the flatto broke down under the witness the aquatic display? The most extensive and super reception of Catherine Cornaro, the Queen of Cyprus, when she returned to Venice after ceding to the Venice after ceding to the Venetian government her island, in 1450, taxed the invention of the most luxuriously inclined Power in the world. In return for the cession of her domains all Venice did the Queen a homage never before offered to woman. The processions of maidens with flowers, the symbolic decoration of the gondoias, the lessal attire of the whole city and the entirely and spatiers. Nearly a century later Henry III, witnessed from the balcoures of the Paisazo Foscart the grand Canal was one solid moving mass of boats. Near has passing to solve so a grand, and here the victors received from the authorities the prizes won, and the last one in a the race came up amid the jeers of the errory of the grand for the grand of the paisage of the paisage of the power of the Republic, and from this time lowers to the power of

near the port of Malamocco. The lagood is full of boats with gay lage and loads of feats! Venetians. The Grand Canal and the Gindecea are gardens of The Grand Canal and the Cinderea are gardens of budding fluttering in the wind, and the whole narbor is assir. Curling smoke from the distant war ships and the dull rumble of the in-off saintes smoonnee the arrival of His Royal imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, to meet Victor Emmanuel, the King of Italy, in this beautiful city, which, of all others, knows how to give a princely reception to a foreign raise. The Jet promises to equal in magnificence those or bast ages, and promises a speciacle without parallel in the present c-ntury. The Veccials appear to have buried the hatred of the past, and Francis Joseph, in truly noble spirit, to nave forgotten the defeas ne suffered in this very sity. Francis Josepa, in truly noble spirit, to mave gotten the defeat ne suffered in this very city.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

HARTFORD VS. ATLANTIC. The game in Hartford yesterday afternoon be-tween the Hartford and Atlantic clubs, resulted

NOTES AND GOSSIP. Rain yesterday afternoon prevented the Bostons and Washingtons and the Athletics and Philadelphias playing.

To-morrow the Philadelphias and Centennials play their return game at Philadelpsia, the Wash-

play their return game at Philadelpsis, the Washingtons and Bostons play at Washington and the
Atlantics at New Haven.
Thesday he to the Mathais go to Philadelphia
and play the Centennials; and on Friday, the 30th
inst., the same nines play on the Union drounds.
Martin, the great slow picher, will proughly
pitch for the Allantics this season, as Roseman
has railed to meet the expectations cutertained of
his abilities.
The difficulty between the Athletic and Boston
clops has been amicably settled by the latter's

chose has been amicably settled by the latter's withdrawal of their demands on the Athletra. Inc autuals have been practising every afternoon the weather would permit, and are now in pretty good trim. Gerhardt will doubless play third base in first class style, and, in the way of respecticulity, is the greatest acquisition to the Mutual rauge that has been witnessed for some time.

Mutual Faura that has been withersed for some unit.

The Flyaways announce the following nine:—Parroy, pitcher; chandler, catcher; moore, first nase; Loughin, second oase; Trency, taird base; C. Failon, short stop; T. Failon, int field; Shahusley, contre Sei;, and shoe, right field.

The Concord Chan, of Eronslyo, have recently moved into new cub rooms on Fution avenue, opposite Ormond place.

The Namelesa, of Brooklyn, will play the following nine:—Mailone, pitcher; Crosby, catcher; Smith, first base; Marila, second base; Grierron, third base; Marila, second base; Grierron, third base; Goleman, short stop; Valentine, leit held; Pringle, centre field, and Nelson, right field. President Shoa, of the New Jersy State Amateur Association, announces the following appointments:—Committee on Rules—E. S. Eries, of Irenton, Chafrman; E. Ross, W. Cam, E. Pearson and T. Fitzgeraid; Committee on Nominations—C. A. Shrope, E. Ross and M. West; Judiciary Committee—Colomet E. I. Price, of Newars, Chafrman; Committee—Colomet; E. Price, of Newars, Chafrman; Committee—Colomet; E. I. Price, of Newars, Chafrman; Committee—Colomet; E. Price, of Newars, Chafrman; Committee on Printing—C. F. Desneimer, Chaffman.

THE WEATHER YESTERDAY.

The following record will show the changes in the temperature for the past twenty-lour hours, in comparison with the corresponding date of last year, as indicated by the thermometer at Hud-nut's Pharmacy, Hendald Sunding:— 1874. 1875.

S.A. M. 40 47 3:80 P. M. 57 6 A. M. 41 41 6 P. M. 82 9 A. M. 51 61 12 P. M. 40 12 M...... 51 61 12 P. M..... 40 83
Average temperature for corresponding wate BOYNTON'S GREAT FEAT.

His Attempt to Swim the English Channel.

SCENES AT THE STARTING POINT.

The Life Dress and the Mode of Propulsion.

FIFTEEN HOURS IN THE WATER.

The French Pilot Responsible for the Failure.

BOULOGNE, April 11, 1875.

At two o'clock yesterday morning the parior of the Lord Warden Hotel, in Dover, presented a curious spectacle. A bright coal fire was burning in the grate, throwing its ruddy glow over a number of queer-looking objects and figures that were distributed throughout the room-a table on which were the remnants of a banquet, consisting principally of champagne glasses and bottles, the latter looming up in the semi-obscurity of the place, with their gold and silver summits catching and throwing back the ruddy glow of the fire, like mountain peaks under the red light of the setting sun. Strange, outlandish looking jobjects were scattered about, such as an oar or two, a minature sailboat, tackle and other things suggesting thoughts of the sea, and a number of still more strange and outlandish figures were stretched out on the floor, some along the walls, some under the table, some with their feet to the fire, with their heads on travelling bags or the backs of chairs turned up, and wrapped in blankets, shawis and Ulster overcoats, all asleep. Standing up against the wall, like a sentinel on his post, maistinctly seen in the fitful flashes of the are, was a strange figure resombling a cross between a knight in armor and Esquimaux, the only thing that seemed to be awake, and which glowered over the sleeping figures on the floor in a threatening way that ought to have given them most unpleasant dreams. The sleeping men are the press delegation who have come to Dover to witness Captain Boynton's attempt to

SWIM THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. and the Esquimaux or knight in armor is the life dress used by the intrepid swimmer in his hardy undertaking, which has been set up against the wall for exhibition, a veritable suit of armor for his struggles with the winds and the waves.

He was to start at three o'clock, and we all de cided that it was not worth while to go to bed, and so we turned the parlor into a battlefield, whereon perished many a bottle of pale ale, stout and champagne, and then went to sleep until the hour for starting. Suddenly there is the sound of a horn announcing the hour of departure, and we all start to our feet. We gather up our effects, get on our sea clothes, swallow a cup of coffee, while the glowering knight leaning against the wall suddenly takes life and stacks out among us, inflating himself by blowing through little pipes until the knight disappears and only the Esquimaux remains. Then we all troop down to the quay, whence the swimmer is going to take his start, and amid a great crowd that have gathered to see him off, a most horrible din, uproar and confusion, caused by the shouting and rush of the people, the waix of rockets, the pulling of steamboats, the hourse voice of what appears to be uncontrollable speaking trumpets, the glare of Bengal lights and burning pitch, we manage to scramble aboard the tug destined to convey us along with the swimmer. Then we look down and see a huge object like a devil fish slopping about in the water right under our wheel, which has slowly commenced turning, but with a vigorous push it glides out from under us among the boats and ships, and passes out from the circle of light into the darkness beyond. Then there is an ear-splitting report, a sea of fire right under our noses, which blazes in the faces of the crowd on the quay. When the smoke clears away we behold what appears to be several human heads floating in the water, which turn out to be only hats, carried away by the force of the explosion. It was the tug's gun which had been stupidly fired right into the growd on the wharf, not more than ten feet distant. We were greeted with curses and imprecations as well as cheers as we slowly got under way; and I would not be at all surprised to hear that somebody had been seriously lujured by the flash of the gun, and a good many must have had their hair, eyelashes and eyebrows singed. besides the damage to their clothes and the loss of their hats. But

We can see nothing of him although we strain our eyes in every direction as the tug slowly steams out into the darkness. At length we hear his norn far out on the water and we immediately make for him in order to take the lead and show him the way. The lights are put one because they only take away our sight for anything outside the ship, but although we hear the sound of the swimmer's horn now and then and the plant of his paddle coming to us over the water, the darkness is too intense to allow us to eatch a glimpse of him.

WHERE IS BOYNTON?

We push slowly forward, keeping him within hail, as the lights of Dover gradually grow dim and indistinct in the distance and the lighthouse on the Goodwin Sands shines clear and bright like tue star of morning. It was a cold, raw morning. made all the rawer and colder by the thought of the man pauditog along in the cold gray water peside us. It made one shudder to think of the water dasping over his face, notwittstanding the fact that he was probably warmer than any of us. At length day began to break, cloudy and gray and cold, and soon we began to catch glimpses of the seimmer, tossed about by a chopping sea, but puddling cheerfully along. At five o'clock we were about a mile off Goodwin Sands, the tide having carried us in a direction about east-southeast from Dover.

The pilot employed by Boynton was one sent over from Boulogne by the French Société Hu-maine, said to be the best on the French coast. The course agreed upon between him and Boynton was as follows :- Take the tide running northeast from Dover at three in the morning, which would carry them seven or eight inites in that direction somewhere of Goodwin Sands. Here the tide turns at about six o'clock and runs southeast down the Channel. They would lollow this tide to a point considerably south of Boulogge, where the current turns and sweeps again to the east and nows into Boulogue harbor, which they boned to reach about tures o'clock in the alternoon, making a distance of sixty miles. It was a very roundabout course, and I think it would have been lar petter to have struck straight across the Channel, cutting across the currents as much as possible, instead of following them. In this way, although the swimmer would have been undoubtedly driven far out of his o urse by the our rents, he would have been carried back again by them and would at the same time have made much more progress forward. At five o'cock, when daylight came, everything was going well and the exact course indicated by the pilot had been sollowed-only we had started about twenty minutes late. Boynton now swam alongside and CALLED FOR BIS SAIL.

Tols was fastened to his foot by means of a kind of wooden skate, to which was attached a little tin tube for the lusertion of the tray mast. The sail was about lour lest high, and was braced by cords attached to a strap around the swimmer's neck. As is well known, a swimmer wearing the life-dress swims on his back, his head resting nwim either feet or head foremost, as he chooses;

most, owing to the sail, which necessicate this position. A stiff little breeze was blowing, and, as soon as the sail was rigged, which was done without his getting out of the water, he called for a cigar, lit it, and again struck out. The little sheet instantly filled and commenced pulling him along in fine style, making a very appreciable difference in his rate of

At six o'clock we were off Goodwin Sands, a littie short of the point that it had been planned to reach. The tide now commenced turning, and we were soon running down the Channel under a light, lavorable breeze, but a masty sea and thickening weather. Nearly in the middle of the Channel there is a sand bank called the "Ridge," or by the French the Colbart, which splits the current in two, throwing one along the French coast and the other along the English. It was, of course, the intention of Boynton and the pilot to get into the French current, but, either because the swimmer did not get far enough to the east, with the tide running out, or what seems more probable, because the pilot, owing to the thick weather, which hid both the French and English coast, missed his reckoning, they were swept down the English side of the "Ridge," and all chance of reaching the French coast be fore night was lost. Boynton resolutely attacked this ridge, hoping to get over it and reach the French current in time. It proved to be

A TERRIBLE STRUGGLE. The sea here was toaming and tumbling about in a fearful way for the swimmer. It was not a regular roll or swell, but short, quick, enopping waves, tumbling about in all directions, that whitled the swimmer round and round, rolled him over and over, rendered his puny sail utterly useless and blinded him with loam and spray.

It was a strangely fascinating spectacle to watch the swimmer in his hand to hand struggle with the ocean. The waves seem to become living things, animated by a terrible haired for the strange being battling with them. They roll and toss him about. They struggle and wrestle with him and how! around him. Sometimes they seem to withdraw for a moment, as if by concert, and then rush down upon him from all sides, roaring like wild beasts. They seize him around the neck and drag him down, grappling under the water and strangling him until, like a giant athlete, he shakes them off, and appears again triumphant on the top, as they rush off howling. For two hours the struggle continued, during which time he did not make more than a mile, but at last he came off victorious, and reached the current running slong the French coast, where the sea, although nasty, was not so unlavorable. But it was now one o'clock, and, instead of being several miles south of Boulogne, at he had hoped, he was almost opposite and the current had already turned again to the north, thus carrying him far past the place. He determined, however, to push on and endeavor to land at Cape Grisnez, about ten miles north of Boulogne. He did not seem tired, although he had eaten nearly nothing since taking to the water. He now

LIT ANOTHER CIGAR, which he managed to smoke, and altogethes seemed much happier than we who, in the dirty old tug, were wallowing about in the trough of the sea, most of us horribly seasick. There was plenty to eat and drink on board, but there were lew of us in a condition to take food; the weather grew rainy, foggy, cold and miserable; the thick black smoke from the smokestacks set tled down over us and siegened us; and, altogether, there was probably never a more wretched set of beings than the press delegation on board that tug. Boynton worked steadily forward, but the pilot began to grow anxious. Is was evident that the swimmer would not make the French coast before dark, and he expressed his determination to push on all night if necessary. But the weather was growing thicker and thicker, we being at times nuable to see more than a quarter or a mile from the ship, and, as we had not seen land for nours, it was impossible to tell where we were. The wind and sea were both rising, promising a bad night. It would be impossible to follow the swimmer in the darkness and log. We would inevitably lose him, and if he should miss Cape Grisnez, he would be carried up into the North Sea. At length, toward six o'clock, pilot declared that he would not be responsible for the safety of the ship, so near the coast in the darkness and for. The Captain was, of course, unwilling to risk his ship; a general council was held of every one on board, and it was decided that the attempt would have to be given up. Captain Boyaton and his brother, who was on the tug, both protested against this resolution in the most energetic manner. The former maintained his ability to finish his undertaking, declaring that he was not in the least fatigued, and to prove it swam rapidly around the

it was agreed, however, that he had thoroughly demonstrated his ability to cross the Channel, and that it would be folly to risk the ship, the life of everybody on board, as well as the swimmer by cruising along the coast all night in the fog and darkness. He at last, therefore, agreed to come aboard and give it up, maintaining, however, his ability to stay in the water all night. It was just naif-past six e'clock when he set 100t on the deck of the tur, after having been a little more than fiteen hours in the water.

He undressed and was immediately examined by the doctor who was on board. He sound the temperature of his body only a dogree lower than when he went overboard. His pulse, however, was eighty, and feeble, which would be partly accounted for by the fact that he had been anders ing from diarrhosa for two or three days previously. Is was the opinion of the domight have stood six hours that he longer in the water without damage. The the tug . was instantly turned toward the French coast, and in a few minutes we sighted Cape Grisnez, when we went about for Boulogne. As nearly as could be made out after ward we were about five miles from the French coast when Boynton came aboard, so that he fulls

DEMONSTRATED HIS ABILITY to accomplish the fest. The course made from Dover was east past the Goodwin Sands then south on the English side of the "Ridge," he crossed at its southern extremity, then east again toward Cape Grisnez, making the distance traversed about fity miles in length. It is certainly a remarkable feat, and fully demonstrates the efficiency of the life dress. I have no doubt that if the proper route had been taxen he would have accomplished the passage in tweive hours.

Upon arriving in Boulogne the business of landing was so badly mismanaged by the pilot that the whole press delegation was lest outside the harbor on the lug until one o'clock in the morning. The pilot, with the two Boyntons, coully went ashore at half-past eight and leit us to follow with the other boats. but without a single man on board who knew the way into the harbor. We tried to get in, but got stuck on the bar, and came near knocking the bottom out of our boat and getting drowned. We had to wait until the tide rose and the tug could go in at one in the morning. I do not think any of the press delegation present Will wish to cros the Channel again under such dircumstances.

ANOTHER SNOW STORM.

If spring-the "gentle spring" which poets leve to sing about -were to bring an action-at-law against old gray-headed winter for tre-passing on her domains, any intelligent jury would bring in a verdict for the plaintiff. Here it is in the last week of April, when the crocuses and the hyschints and the tuitps ought to be displaying their variegated spiendors and shedeing their perfiding on the chainy air, and not a single bud has ourst its winder conducts. Last evening, at the line the amanached stated to at there would be a full moon, and when if one had pinned their site on that deceptive pamphiet and indulged its visions of "moonight rides and stolen fruit" a binding show storm set in. Pedestrians who had latted to provide themselves with the means of protection against April's fickle humors burried from the thoroughteres and venied matedictions on the clock of the weather. It was not enough that a show storm should provail, but it was secondaried which occasioned a great deal of delay and difficulty to lerry travel both on the Nerth and East Tivers. Nearly mile incoming trains were beautiff time, and the mails were in common was week of April, when the crocuses and the hya-